I'm Ripe, About to Fall

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I'm Ripe, About to Fall

by sourweather

Summary

After being gutted and abandoned, Will tries to keep himself from going after Hannibal by diving into a toxic affair with a criminal with a too-familiar face. It brings out the worst in him.

Notes

i really dont knwo what to say about this one except that i need both of them so bad...

See the end of the work for more notes

Fuck it, I should start smoking again.

I smoked all the time back when I was a kid. Started sneaking cigarettes from my dad's bedroom when I was fourteen, never stopped no matter how many times I got caught. I only cut the habit when I quit homicide. I spouted off some bullshit to myself about starting all over, doing better, and I threw my cigarettes and my lighter into the trash. Then I dumped a container of week-old Chinese takeout on top of them to make sure I wouldn't go digging around in my garbage can for them at three A.M. And it worked, more or less. I haven't given any serious thought to smoking in over a decade.

Or at least I *hadn't,* until the night that Nigel Banyai sauntered his way into my world.

Nigel tastes like cigarettes. I can feel it, acrid and dark where it clings to his tongue. Everything in his life reeks of it, too— his car, his clothes, every fucking room in his penthouse apartment. Worst of all, it's starting to creep its way onto me, too.

The last time I crashed at his place, I was lucky to get out of his bed at all. I'd barely slept, and I had a headache so powerful that it made last year's flirtation with encephalitis seem like a week at Summer camp. I ended up slumming it in the clothes I'd worn to the bar the night before, and the scent of smoke followed me everywhere I went until I managed to take a shower that night. I was furious about it all day long. It felt like I was wearing him on my skin. Like he owned me. And I'd vowed, as I changed into a fresh pair of pants that evening, that I would never go looking for Nigel Banyai again.

He shoves me against his front door, and the impact knocks a puff of wind from me. He looms overhead like a huge, heavy storm cloud, and has the nerve to chuckle in my ear before he catches me in another sloppy kiss. I furrow my brows, shove my tongue behind his teeth, and hunt for the lingering traces of imported vodka and Big Red chewing gum to distract me from the nicotine. Nigel nips at my tongue, and my knees wobble. I'm too sober for this.

"D'you have any booze?" I gasp when I pull away, already draped boneless against the door.

Again, Nigel laughs. He ducks his head, the tip of his nose draws a tickling line down my throat. I hear the intake of air when he breathes me in, and something way too tender lurches in my gut. "Haven't learned your lesson from last time, have you, darling?" he teases, and starts sucking on a spot just below my jaw.

I bite my lip, rolling the squishy flesh between the blunt edges of my front teeth. I told him not to bruise me, the first time he took me home. Then I told him not to leave a mark where anyone could see it. He listened both times, whatever that's worth. Right now, I'm desperate enough for how good it feels in the moment to make it worth how shitty I feel every time I see the marks afterward. In the morning, I'll feel differently. But I'd feel like shit tomorrow if I spent the evening praying and went to bed before nine, and Nigel's good with his mouth, so I'll take it while it lasts.

Once he's satisfied with the bruise, Nigel leads me to the kitchen. His apartment pisses me off in a way that I can't articulate without sounding bitchy. I can tell it was nice when he

moved in— all sleek edges and cutting-edge tech. But either he's used to having a housekeeper, or no one ever taught him to clean up after himself, because it's not nice now. His big glass coffee table is covered in old water rings, there's always wet towels abandoned on his bathroom floor. Nothing makes my lip curl like his kitchen, though.

It's stunning. I can tell, just from the glimpses I've had on my way in and out of his apartment, that it's a beautiful fucking kitchen. And it's basically untouched. There's never anything but alcohol and limes in his fridge, maybe a lone bottle of soy sauce in the back. And why would there be? Nigel's got money to burn and no interest in cooking, he can just go out every night and order delivery every morning.

I hate it, though. I hate it, and I hate the reason I care about it.

"Pick your poison," Nigel quips, gesturing at his selection with a crooked grin.

I just shrug. My eyes lock onto his coffee maker, I see my reflection in the surface of its mostly-empty pot. It makes my stomach turn. "Whatever," I mutter. I run my tongue over my teeth, grimacing at the flavors lingering in my mouth. "Something strong."

Nigel huffs through his nose, that insufferable smile glued to his face as he fetches me a glass and a bottle from his liquor cabinet. "Cheer up, pet," he tells me, and I envision myself breaking one of those bottles over the crown of his skull. "You're always so fucking moody, you need to have a little fun."

"That's what you're here for, isn't it?" I ask.

"Isn't it?"

I blow out a breath that puffs my cheeks, knock twice on his counter top. If only Nigel knew that in my eyes, he's the more responsible thing to do. He's the sugar-free chocolate that's supposed to keep me from buying a bag of M&Ms, a nicotine patch when I'm dreaming of one more fucking cigarette. It says something about your life, when having your tenth one-night stand with a man like Nigel Banyai is one of your less detrimental recent choices.

Then again, I could be doing nothing. I could be at home, drinking on my couch, surrounded by my dogs and trying to think about anything else. Anything but *Him.* No one's making me do this, and yet I do it, again and again.

"I guess," I concede at last, casting my weary gaze on Nigel's too-familiar face as he places a glass of dark bourbon in my hand. "I suppose I wouldn't keep coming here, if I wasn't getting anything out of it."

Nigel whistles, takes a sip of his own drink. "You really know how to make a guy feel special, don't you, angel?" he deadpans.

"I can either stroke your cock or your ego, Nigel. I don't have the energy to do both."

Another low laugh. Nigel shakes his head. There's something fond on his face, he tries to hide it behind the rim of his glass but I see it. I knock my drink back so fast that I barely even

taste it.

He's not a bad guy, Nigel. That is, he's a terrible fucking person, but he can be alright to be around. We've got some strange, unspoken understanding going between us. There's something ugly in Nigel's past, something he's been running from ever since it happened. He can tell that I'm in the same boat, I think.

It makes my stomach twist. Paradoxically, I almost think I'd like him better if I liked him less. He doesn't have any illusions about what this is, we're both just using each other to get out of our own heads for the night. Still, I get this sick, guilty feeling whenever I catch him looking at me like I'm his friend. He knows I'm only in it for the sex, of course, but I wonder sometimes whether his tune would change if he knew the full story. If maybe he's okay with *'I'm fucking you because I'm damaged and I need to feel good for an hour,'* but not quite onboard with *'I'm fucking you because you look like a man who vivisected me a couple months ago, and you're the only thing keeping me from going back for more'.* I wouldn't blame him, if that were the case. I imagine most sane people would feel the same way.

But he doesn't ask, so I don't tell him. Instead I lift a brow, lick the bourbon from my lips, and say "So, do you want me to keep talking, or do you want to start having fun?"

He shows me his teeth at that. There's a glint of something dark, lingering just behind his eyes. It makes me feel like he's about to tear me to pieces.

My cock gets hard so fast that I get a little lightheaded from it. I don't even get a chance to judge myself for it, either, because Nigel swoops in like a hawk. I barely see him move before I'm being hauled over his shoulder. He gropes my ass with one hand, kneading at soft flesh through the fabric of my jeans as he drags us to his bedroom. No to be outdone in shamelessness, I press my hips tight to his shoulder, grinding my cock against his body. My fingernails claw at his back, tugging at his shirt like I might actually be struggling.

I wonder if he'd like that. If he's the sort of man who would enjoy someone fighting back. A shiver rolls up my spine, makes my eyes flutter. That's exactly what I need, right now. A fight I can't win, someone to hold me down while I kick and scream and bite. In a way, that's what being with Nigel's all about. The inevitability of it all is the part I get off on the most, if I'm honest. I love pretending that I don't have a choice, that it's all just *Him* in my head. The Devil made me do this. I love getting to say *'I shouldn't'*.

Nigel throws me onto the bed like he's trying to spike me. I bounce a little, and a giddy rush curls in my stomach. It's enough to loosen me up a little. The liquor I've been guzzling all night doesn't hurt, either. I'm a bit warmer to the touch when Nigel approaches me, and he smirks like he knows it.

Something in my hind-brain starts purring when I see him from this angle. Nigel makes himself seem massive, caging my body within his borders and dangling overhead like bait. I'm grateful for it. Makes it easier to turn my brain off and enjoy it when it feels like nothing else exists.

He drops to my level, his weight squeezing out whatever objections I still held within. They leave me in the form of a low groan when he catches me in another wet kiss, teeth nipping at

my lips just to hear how it makes my breath stutter. Blindly, I start attacking the buttons on his shirt.

He got pissed at me, not long ago, for getting too impatient. I was too drunk and too horny to fuck around with undressing him properly, ripped the shirt right of off him. He thought it was hot, I could tell, but he bitched and moaned about it after. I really don't give a shit about his clothes, but I'm not gonna be in the mood for a lecture tonight, so I struggle through it until his chest is bare.

There's something invigorating about Nigel's body. I squeeze his biceps like I'm trying to strangle them, thread greedy fingers through the thick hair on his chest. My teeth sink into the stained skin on his throat, and I fantasize about ripping that awful faded tattoo right off of him and spitting it onto the carpet. Our cocks rut together, hips rocking against each other in needy, rough grinds. Nigel curses in my ear, manhandles me until our positions have flipped and I'm perched in his lap.

I take the opportunity to send my own shirt flying into the corner of his room, still rubbing my dick against his clothed thigh like a hormone-crazed teenager. I can't help it, though. Or at least, I don't want to. As pathetic as it is, this is the best I ever feel anymore. Nigel knows it, too. He lords it over me, at times like this. Taunts me with the fact that I need this so much fucking more than he does.

As if on cue, he laughs at me, watching as my hands start fumbling with my belt buckle. "Eager little thing tonight, aren't we, pet?" he teases.

I snarl, tell him to shut the hell up before I change my mind. It doesn't change the fact that my cock is leaking in my boxers, doesn't diminish the rush of heat that surges up my body when I shove my hand in and wrap my hand around the base, just to take the edge off.

I'm only out of his lap for the seconds it takes for me to wriggle out of the rest of my clothes, then I'm crawling back to him. He takes the opportunity to kick his pants and underwear off, and when I land back in his arms I outright moan at the skin-to-skin of it all.

His weathered hands smooth down my back, run over my thighs. He smacks my ass, grins when I arch into it and wordlessly ask him to do it again. The next slap is harder, lands in the exact same place. I bite my lip as the pain sets in, one sharp burst and then a tingling ripple outward from the point of impact. Again, and I choke out this ungodly little *ah* that makes my ears burn red.

The touch drifts, turns into a tight grip on my hip. Nigel yanks me closer, takes both of our cocks in his other hand. I'm no slouch, downstairs, but Nigel's dick makes me feel small in comparison. It's uncut, thick enough that it aches inside of me no matter how many minutes he spends stretching me open beforehand.

I'll give him this much, Nigel Banyai is sex on legs. It almost makes me feel guilty, having a dozen loveless one-offs with someone else's wet dream. But then again, he doesn't seem all that interested in finding a nice boy and settling down anytime soon. And neither am I.

My mouth falls open when he starts stroking, slow and tight. My body refuses to stay still, I can't stop rolling my hips into his hand, spreading precome along his shaft and making a mess between our bodies. The hand on my hip digs its fingers into my flesh, threatening another claiming bruise.

I grit my teeth. The tension tugs at my core as it starts to build, makes the muscles of my stomach flex without my permission. A zap of sharp pain rushes over my abdomen, drawing an angry line across my jagged, half-healed scar. It's still tender, not at risk of reopening but fresh enough that I'm reminded of its presence near constantly throughout the day.

It feels like *He* is lashing out at me, when my mending body protests against my pleasure. Possessive and distant at once.

Nigel clocks how my hand has moved to cover the widest part of the scar, glances up at my face. He's never asked me about the mark, but he's careful about it. I've never had to tell him not to touch it. It's not hard to guess why, either. Not when the scar along his own left side runs from his navel to his armpit and puckers like he'd had to stitch it up himself. His movements slow, just a little. Showing me some grace without calling attention to it. The looks he gives me says *'Hey, you okay?'*

I set my brow. Something in me rallies. I buck in his lap, fucking into his hand. It hurts, but I refuse to let up. Nigel's brows only lift for a moment before he's following my lead. His hand leaves my hip, gropes and squeezes my ass a little before rubbing the pads of two fingers over my hole. I suck in a gasp, cant my hips closer. My body is hungry, now. Desperate to turn my brain off and be the animal that it was born to be for a while.

Nigel smirks at me, teases my rim a little more. The callouses of his fingertips are dry and rough against it, and something about the unrelenting friction of it all makes my cock throb. When he grunts the word *"Lube"* at me, I almost tell him to take me without it. Probably not the smartest idea, but I'm a ways past 'smart' tonight.

My legs almost buckle when my feet find his carpet. I'm electrified, right now. It makes my motions turn jerky, robotic. I wrench open his bedside drawer with more force than is actually necessary, and Nigel chuckles at me.

"Easy, pet. You'll rip the thing off its fuckin' hinges."

I don't respond. My attention is wholly devoted to the contents of his drawer. A tremor runs through my fingers and up my dominant arm, I don't tear my eyes away to look but I can feel how I'm twitching.

"You having trouble finding it?" Nigel asks me, but there's a note of uncertainty in his voice. Unblinking, I snatch the half-empty bottle of lube and toss it in his direction. Whether he catches it or it hits him in the face, I can't say.

Something seizes the edges of my mouth as I reach for the revolver in his nightstand. My lips curl into a cruel grin, I brush my fingers over the handle, a beautiful piece carved from dark stained wood. Its metal gleams in the low light, tempting me to take it. As if I needed further convincing.

Nigel's eyes flash with barely-concealed aggression when he sees the gun in my hands. His gaze flits over my naked body, sizing me up. Trying to determine if I've been a threat, all along. My smile only grows. I knew I liked him for a reason.

"Nice piece," I mutter, turning it in my hands. I saunter back to the bed, my eyes never leaving the revolver as I lie beside him, my legs parted in an obvious invitation.

Nigel reaches for it, and I brush him off. "Come on, babe, that's not a toy."

"I know." It doesn't stop me from spinning its chamber, aiming it at the wall, tracing the filigree etched into the barrel. I toss him a pointed look when I realize that ten seconds have passed and he still isn't touching me. "What are you waiting for?"

The look on his face shouldn't excite me the way it does. His jaw is tight, I can see the apprehension in the whites of his eyes. He's afraid of me.

I'm not surprised. He's always been able to tell that I'm a little broken, behind my eyes. He's not the first and he won't be the last. Still, it's a heady thing, being feared by a man like this.

Nigel must be as turned on by the fear as I am by instilling it, though, because he prowls between my legs with purpose. He wets two fingers with lube, brings them to my hole.

My brow furrows tight as he makes a space for himself inside. He's never patient, during this part. Fine by me, I'm impatient, too. I think he knows I like it this way. The tightness, the burn. I like how perfunctory it feels, the utter lack of passion beyond lust. There's something pure about it, this way. Uncomplicated.

He's three fingers deep when I point the revolver at his face. It's unnecessarily cruel, but I aim for the entry wound near his hairline. I've noticed and ignored that one, as well, but I think about it from time to time. Sometimes I run my fingers through his hair and feel along his scalp as I go, searching for an exit point under the guise of affection.

I could swear that Nigel *growls.* He jerks his head away from the gun, showing me his teeth in warning. It has what I imagine is the opposite effect from Nigel's intentions. Immediately, I adjust my aim, tracking him with an almost rabid fervor. My already racing pulse climbs to a thunderous pace, precome drools onto my stomach as I finger the trigger. Not applying any pressure, just a caress. Teasing.

Nigel pulls his fingers out, snatches my wrist and shoves it away. "Stop," he demands, and I shiver at the danger in his voice. It tells me that I'm about to get bitten, so naturally I poke the beast again.

A dark smirk creeps onto my face. "Easy," I say, nearly purring. "I'm not actually going to shoot you." I lower my hand, he lets me. I lift myself from the bed just enough to cup his nape, drag him down with me, kiss him slow and deep.

"There's just nothing like it," I mutter against his mouth. My fingers card through his hair, and I feel some of his tension unspool, reform itself into that brutal confidence I like. I nip at

his lip, hard. He grinds against me, makes my spine arch to chase him. “The rush of adrenaline, the weight in your hand. Power.”

Nigel rears back with a grunt, rearranges my legs until I’m laid out just to his liking. The head of his cock presses against my rim, and my eyes slip shut. I’m more than ready to surrender myself to what Nigel’s about to give me, anticipating the numbness that comes with ecstasy.

“You ever pulled the trigger on somebody, sugar?” He asks me. There’s no fear in him, now. His voice is heavy, a blend of lust and sick fascination.

I hiss when he first fucks his way in, grimacing at his haste, his ferocity, the sheer size of him. I can feel the topmost layer of my skin floating away from the rest of me, the first tiny separation from myself. It’s heaven.

“Few times. Only one that counted,” I reply. The words are tight around my teeth as my body works to take him in. He doesn’t slow down at the sight of my discomfort. He knows by now that I don’t want him to.

My eyes blink open. I stare up at him, catch his gaze. His next rough thrust grazes my prostate just right, and I moan around my words. It’s the filthiest I’ve ever sounded.

“The other one I killed with my hands.”

To his credit, there is *something* in his eyes when I say it. A flicker of smug recognition, a hint of *yeah, fucking knew it.* It doesn’t sate me, though. It’s not the look I’m craving.

I tip my head back, fix my lidded eyes on his bedroom ceiling. My needy mind supplies the barest flash of what I’m seeking, all that passion and desire and *hunger*— God, I want to starve someone again. I grit my teeth, try to narrow the scope of my thoughts to just the heat building between my legs. I’m already here, after all. Already drunk and full and smelling of his cigarettes again. I might as well get some fucking satisfaction out of it.

“What about you?” I ask.

“Fuck,” Nigel groans, driving his hips so deep that it makes my eyes roll. My empty hand grabs the sheet, twists the fabric around my fist. He slams a palm down near my head, braces himself. His body looms over me, his panting breaths raining down on me from above.

I bite my lip. “How many people have you killed, Nigel?” I repeat. Desperation pools in my mouth like saliva, I can feel it dripping from my lips. I reach out, wrap my hand around his bicep, clutch at him.

Nigel’s brow furrows, shiny with sweat. I watch him lick his teeth, and I shiver when his pointed canines catch the light. “Don’t know,” he grunts between thrusts. “I don’t keep track.”

My nails dig into his flesh. He curses again when my body tightens around him, legs curling round his hips to drag him closer. I smell blood, just for a moment. Fleeting enough to know

that it's all in my head, but it makes my cock throb regardless. I knew, of course, that Nigel has killed before. He wears the evidence from head to toe, makes no attempt to disguise it. Why else would I be here?

I'm still holding the gun, my hand curled loose around it where it lies near Nigel's pillow. I flex my fingers around the handle, adjust my grip just to feel its wood over my palm.

Nigel collapses over me, lavishes my throat with suckling kisses as he fucks me hard and fast. I moan, toes curling. His bed frame knocks into the wall, the length of his cock dragging repeatedly over every spot that makes my body spark to life.

"Does it feel good?" I gasp, leaning into his teeth where they play over my jugular. "Do you love it?"

His moan is a buzz over my fragile skin, and I feel echo outward. "Yeah," he groans, and bites my earlobe. He speaks low in my ear, his breaths hot and wet. "God, yes, feels so fucking good."

It makes me sigh. I try to pretend that we're talking about the same thing, I pet the revolver with my thumb like it's my lover. I can feel myself unraveling.

This isn't enough, the voice in my head taunts, and I growl in protest. *Nothing else is ever going to be enough for you. You'll be chasing how you felt for the rest of your life, and you'll fail to ever find it.*

My knuckles turn white, strangling the revolver with all my might. The gasping of my breaths has turned savage, the sound in my ears has stopped being human.

"Let's play a game," I say, rushing to get the words out. I'm frantic, suddenly. My fingers shake around Nigel's arm.

Nigel hums, licks the shell of my ear, pulls back enough that I can breathe a little. "What sort of game, pet?"

Without a word, I open the revolver's chamber. One by one, I let bullets fall onto the sheets until only a single round remains. Nigel's movements have slowed but not stopped, he can't keep himself from grinding into me as he watches.

Trembling with excitement, I spin the chamber and point the barrel at his face. "You go first."

He doesn't push my hand away, this time. Instead he turns wary. He eyes the gun like it's a snake that's wandered into his bed. "Don't fuck around with me, darling," he says slowly, and it hits me like dirty talk.

"Who said anything about fucking around?" I reply. I pull the hammer back, take a slow, shuddering breath. He's not moving. Maybe he just doesn't want to startle me, but it doesn't escape my notice that he's still hard where he's buried inside me. I smirk at him.

"Come on, Nigel. You beat the odds once. Who's to say you won't beat 'em again?"

I'm digging a finger in his wounds and I know it. I see a vein near the scar on his temple throb. "Put down the fucking gun, Will—"

"I told you not to say my fucking name!" I shriek. I hold my breath, curl my finger around the trigger, and squeeze.

The resulting *click* echoes all around the room. Nigel flinches. My heart skips a handful of beats. He says something, I see his lips moving. It's drowned out by the rushing of my blood through my veins, howling in my ears. A spasm runs up my body from the tips of my toes to the roots of my hair. I moan, the euphoria of brushing so closely with another kill makes my cock jump against my stomach. *Again,* the voice in my head pleads, sighing all besotted and saccharine against my nape. *Again, Will, shoot him again.* Better yet, tear him to pieces.

I'm still dumb with pleasure when Nigel snarls at me, too high on the danger to stop him as he twists the revolver from my grip. Before I know it I've been flipped onto my stomach, my cheek squished into the giving material of Nigel's pillows. Gasping for breath, I squirm. My cock smears precome over the sheets, I struggle just to see if he'll stop me.

A strangled groan croaks from me when his broad hand covers the back of my neck, crushing me by the nape with a force I haven't seen from him before. He slams back into me, deeper than ever. My eyes roll.

The pace Nigel sets now is punishing. He grunts above me like a ferocious animal. It's difficult to breathe, like this. My head starts to fill with static, my brain floating untethered inside my skull. I turn quiet. The voice inside turns quiet.

The barrel presses hard against the base of my skull, then. I think I try to cry out, but it comes out as little more than a wheeze. Nigel doesn't let up, pounding into me so hard that I see stars bursting over my darkening vision.

"You're fucking sick, aren't you?" he growls. The words glide over me. Maybe I am sick, I can't quite grasp what that means. He punctuates the question by twisting the gun, grinding the metal into my scalp. I try to writhe in his grip, but I barely shift. "It's all a fucked up little game, is that it, pet?"

Gravity doubles its sway on me, suddenly. I melt into the bed, the room tilts a little. I feel like I'm on a boat.

"Alright," Nigel says. He's still battering at my prostate, every inch of me seems to quiver. He knocks the hammer back. My face is wet. I'm drooling.

"Let's fucking play."

I suck in a weak, wet gasp, my muscles seizing up in something just between terror and rapture. My heart stills, waiting.

Click.

It's like something inside of me explodes. For a moment my delirium makes me think that the gun has actually fired, but seconds pass and pain doesn't find me. Pleasure hunts me down, though, in drowning abundance. Nigel releases my neck, throws the gun aside so that he can snatch me by both hips and fuck me for all I'm worth.

The rush of oxygen to my blood is a powerful thing. My numb fingers claw at the bed beneath me, a wrecked half-scream flees my lungs. Cum stains the aching scar along my stomach, wets his bed sheets, spreads as I buck my hips. Nigel uses me as my body crumbles under the force of it, another needy moan pouring from my mouth as he fills me with his release. The last thing I'm conscious of is Nigel cursing under his breath, pulling out and doubtlessly watching his cum leak from me, before my body gives out and I collapse where I'm lying.

I think I black out for a little while, afterward. Nigel's still there when I wake up, which my still bleary mind struggles to comprehend. For a moment, when I look up at him through my lashes, I can't seem to understand that it's Nigel I'm seeing. I feel like there's supposed to be someone else, here bedside me. At first I can only manage to find it confusing. The pain of it doesn't hit me until a few seconds later.

"You okay?" he asks. He doesn't look at me.

I take a deep breath, roll my aching joints as I flop myself into a semi-reclined position. "As close as I ever get," I answer honestly. Nigel nods to himself, leans over to his nightstand, plucks a lighter and a pack of cigarettes from the drawer.

I keep waiting from him to kick me out. I would deserve it, after the stunt I pulled tonight. I can't decide if I'm dreading it, or if I'll be thankful to be forced to break this cycle. Maybe it would be a good thing, in the long run. For both of us.

He doesn't ask me to leave, though. We lie there together, naked, not touching. I watch him light a cigarette. After he takes the first long drag, he glances at me from the corner of his eye. The smoke billows from his lips, dissipates into the room like words unspoken. He holds the cigarette out to me, delicate and glowing softly between his fingers.

Not much of an olive branch, really. Just another dirty habit that I know from experience is agonizing to quit once you start. But that's all we are, isn't it? Nigel and I, and our scars, and our loneliness, and our filthy fucking habits.

With a sigh, I take the cigarette from between his fingers. He keeps watching me, his gaze full of a curiosity that gnaws on my heart, as I bring it to my lips.

End Notes

weh i feel so bad for ni in this fic i want to believe that after will inevitably leaves to chase after hannibal nigel will find his adam <3

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